SATYR
TO HIS
MUSE.

By the Author of

ABSALOM & ACHITOPHEL.

Quo liceat libris non licet ire mihi
Turpiter huc illuc Ingenioſus eat.

LONDON,
Printed for *D. Green*, 1682.

ABSALOM

By the Author of

ABSALOM & ACHITOPHEL.

Quo fercunt fabris non fercunt fæcula nubis
Impia non illic Ingenia Ingenia ferunt.

LONDON,
Printed for D. Green, 1682.

SATYR
TO HIS
MUSE, &c.

HEar me dull Proſtitute worſe than my Wife,
Like her the ſhame and clog of my dull Life,
Whoſe firſt Eſſay was in a Tyrants praiſe,
Bawdy in Prologues, Blaſphemous in Plays,
So lewd thou mad'ſt me for the Church unfit,
And I had ſterv'd but for a lucky hit,
When the weak Miniſters implor'd my Wit;
Stols't me from Buſineſs where I might have made
A Solid fortune to thy Barren Trade,
My Father wiſely bad me be a Clerk,
Thou wiſperd'ſt, Boy be thou a Tearing Spark,
I from that Fatal hour new hopes Purſu'd,
Set up for Wit and Aukwardly was Lewd,

Drunk 'gainſt my Stomack 'gainſt my Conſcience
Againſt my Will I Marry'd a rank W— (Swore,
After two Children and a Third Miſcarriage,
By Brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage,
Affected Rapes and Luſts I'd never known,
As if that all *Gomorrah* was my own.
Nor Love nor Wine cou'd ever ſee me Gay,
To writing bred I knew not what to Say,
With Scolding Wife and Starving Chits Beſet,
When I want Mony and no Friend will Treat,
Cheard with one Cup of thy *Caſtalian* Spring,
I can Abuſe the Church, my Friend, and King;
Tell him, he's jilted, foold, led by the Noſe,
Then like *Almanzor* turn upon his Foes;
Libel his Miſtreſſes and Stateſemen too,
Then o're his Whoring life old *David* Throw,
By whom *Uriah* was ſo baſely Slain,
But our good Monarch ſpares his *Caſtle*—
And *Oates* his Plots and Treaſons ſwears in vain;

Defame

Defame the Men that gave me Meat and Clothes,
And then Deny it with a thouſand Oathes:
Adriel to Pleaſe, call *Rocheſter* a Fool,
Sidley a Capuchin, and ſharp *Dorſet* Dull.
I like *Borosky* by the falſe *Count* hir'd,
On *Scroop* my Blunderbuſs of Satyr fir'd,
In cool Blood call'd him Fool, Knave, Coward too,
What more to *Hall* or *Cranborn* cou'd I do,
Who long enjoy'd e're I began to Woe,
Thoul't ſay perhaps what is all this to thee,
If I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be;
Oh but thou ſhouldſt thy ſacred aid Refuſe,
When I Invoke it to ſo baſe an uſe,
Blunt of my Murdring Pen, the killing Point,
And Honeſtly refuſe the Odious Hint,
But thou ne're com'ſt ſo gladly to my call,
As when on merit unprovok't I fall,
Is there a Patriot to be defam'd,
Lady abuſed or Virtuous Action blam'd,

Thou

Thou with Officious haſt rankſt ev'ry word,
And giv'ſt thy Raging Madman a ſharp Sword,
Devils to Witches are not more at Hand,
Than thou when I an Hellish task Command,
To thee ungratful! what has *Monmoth* don,
That Parſon like thou cal'ſt him *Abſalon*,
And by that Name doſt Foolishly infer,
He from old *Davids* Head the Crown woud Tear?
Was he Ambitious he had kept his Place,
Stood high in *Davids* as the Peoples Grace,
And warlike chief of the *Prætorian* Bands,
To the whole Nations Hearts had joynd their Hands,
Of Public good diſſembled his deep Care,
With the falſe *Jebuſite* a while kept Fair,
Then in ſome great deciſive glorious Day,
Make thoſe vile Cormorants diſgorge their Prey,
Our Church, Riligion, Freedom and our Laws,
Thoſe Darling Morſels of their longing Jaws,
(Wiſe *Stanly* thus till *Boſworths* fatal Day,
Did ſeeming Faith to Cruel *Richard* Pay,

But

But left the Tyrant in the heat of fight,
And brought ſucceſs to *Harry's* drooping right,
Monmoth's brave mind cou'd no diſguiſe endure,
Still Noble ways preferring to ſecure;
While *David* laviſhes his Peoples love,
He buys the Purchaſe, with deſign t'improve;
And like ſome prudent Kinſman reconvey
What the wild Heir hath vainly thrown away,
Leſt the Great Ancient Family decay.
Good honeſt *David*, why wou'dſt thou have made,
Of ſuch a Son, and Parliaments, afraid?
Which whilſt he Sways, what Faction dares diſpute,
Or who can ſay, He is not Abſolute?
Thro' them he may command the Peoples Purſe,
And ſpend their Wealth and Blood without a Curſe:
By Laws they wou'd a Popiſh Heir Exclude,
Not by Rude Force, or a Tumultuous Croud.
Againſt *Navarre* the Factious Princes Leagu'd,
And the right Heir the Papal World Entrigu'd;

When

When a long War had plac'd him on the Throne,
The State Religion he was forc'd to own;
The harmleſs People took it in good Part,
The Zealous Church yet Stab'd him to the Heart,
Taught by all Story there was no defence,
But they muſt change their Faith or change their Prince;
Who wou'd not here the like extreams Prevent,
And ſettle things by aid of Parliament.
Thou only Court preſiding at the Helm,
Which mak'ſt all others uſeful to the Realm;
Inferiour Judges Trembling to decree,
VVhat may hereafter be Condemn'd by thee,
The Chancellors and ill Staeſmens only Dread,
For it is thou alone can reach their Head,
By thee fell *Wolſey* and falſe *Clarend*——
Abandon'd by their Kings but here undon;
Both overwhelm'd for daring to Remove,
Or Stem the Torrent of their Maſters Love,
The one fair *Bullen* to his Prince deny'd,
The other made Lov'd *Stuart Richmond*'s Bride,
And with the Royal Blood for ever mingled *Hide*,

To

To their own Ruine can men all Agree,
And none the precipice but Courtiers See.
Courtiers who Importune the Sovereign,
To Pardon Robbers Cut-throats for their gain.
Who live on Ideots, Lunaticks forfeits Fines,
And cannot Thrive but when the Nation Pines,
Unhappy we if rul'd by ſuch, whoſe Rent
Conſiſts in Breaches of the Government.

Some few there are with great Eſtates indeed,
Yet Labour with Imaginary need,
Strange ſort of Fools who for one Penſion more,
Inſlave themſelves and all they had before,
Others with titles and new Earldoms Caught,
Wou'd give up all for which the Barons Fought,
They're equally unfit for Government.
Who nothing have or nothing will Content.

VVho bad thee, in *Achitophel's* vile Name,
Old *David's* Errors and his Faults Proclame.
Or ſay " Plots True or Falſe are needful things,
" To ſet up Common VVealths and pull down Kings,

" That *David* (whom thou doſt with reverence name)
" Charm'd into eaſe, grows careleſs of his Fame;
" And brib'd with Petty ſums of Forreign Gold,
" Is grown in *Bathſhebas* embraces Old,
" That like the Prince of Angels, from his Height,
" He now comes downward with diminiſh'd Light.
If *David* once ill Language lay to Heart,
Who ſhall the Poet from the Traytor part.
The peoples voice, of old, the voice of God,
Thou call'ſt the voice of an unruly Crowd;
Crowds are the Fools,——
That Flock to thine, and *Durfeys* Loyal *Plays*,
And give Implicite Claps on your Third Days;
About the Stage of Mountebanck they VVait,
And Whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,
But have like thee, no Intereſt in the State.
Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*,
And under *Iron* Yokes make *Indians* Bow,
But with old *England* what haſt thou to Do;

VVho from our Kings an uſeful Power wou'd take,
(Nor have they Power but for the Peoples Sake,)
Diſarm themſelves and Anarchy Beſpeak,
King's may do good at their full Stretch of VVill,
And need not for a ſtrain, or Law ſtand ſtill;
They ſpare with Mercy, tho with Judgment Kill,
Confin'd like God, only from doing Ill:
Thus in our Papal fire, to ſave the Town,
Some houſes were blown up, and ſome pull'd down;
None blam'd the Order, ſince 'twas underſtood
A private miſcheif, for the public good.
Tho we all periſh, yet we muſt forbear
The Sacred Title of a Popiſh Heir,
If we thy fooliſh Politicks ſhou'd Hear;
A Sovereign Power ſomewhere there muſt be,
In King, in Lords, in Commons, or all Three,
Deriv'd from God, and only leſs than His,
VVhich can do all, and nothing do Amiſs;
The Sacred Tyes of marriage can Diſſolve,
And Children in their Parents crimes Involve,

Making thoſe Baſtards, who had elſe been Heirs,
And Injur'd Husbands, legal VViddowers:
Cut off Entails, make New repeal old Laws,
And of contending Kings, decide the Cauſe.
Thus from the Helm our Learned *Richard* thruſt,
Confeſs'd their Power, and own'd their Sentence juſt.
And on the Throne our brave Fourth *Edward* Sate,
Whilſt *Harry* liv'd a Priſner of the State.
Alphonſo thus depos'd for his weak Life,
Pedro enjoy'd his Kingdom and his Wife;
There *jus Divinum* barks not at his Right,
Damns not his Rule by Day, nor Love by Night;
In his Defence each private man may Kill;
Muſt then a Nation Periſh, and ſtand Still?
If for our Laws, Faith, God, we may not Fight,
When can a Chriſtian Sword be in the Right?
Oh the Prodigious Wit, and wond'rous Sting;
To call *Achit'phells* Son, Unfeather'd two leg'd Thing?
So by old *Pluto* man was once defin'd,
Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.

Thy

Thy *Amiel* with Bull *Jonas* ſelf may Vie,
For all but Courage, VVit, and Honeſty.
As loud he roard 'gainſt the Prerogative,
As ſharply blam'd as Stingily wou'd give,
Till his own wants oblig'd him to recieve,
And on his cheated Sire he cou'd no longer live,
VVhoſe whole Eſtate when he in Truſt had got,
Thy honeſt *Amiel* grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.
Thy *Huſhai* next a true Friend e're a Man,
So ſoon his Dearneſs with his Prince began,
VVas but Fourteen when *David* was Abroad,
Leſs fit for a Kings Friendſhip than a Rod.
VVhich he deſerv'd when he with Tears Reply'd,
And in full houſe the Loyal Baby Cry'd,
How cou'd one *German* Journey teach his Youth,
And add Experience to his native Truth;
Abroad he learn'd to live upon his Prince,
As e'vry Fool, Whore, Bully has don Since,
To other Merit he has no pretence,

Baz-

Bazzillais Praiſe I coud rehearſe again,
And make the ſecond Labour of my Pen;
Wiſe, Valiant, Loyal, Rich, of high Deſcent,
Born all that Fortune for her Darlings Meant,
Who nobly Scorn'd a private Happineſs,
When he beheld his Sovereign in Diſtreſs,
To Armes he flew, but with bold *Catoes* Fate,
Eſpous'd the Cauſe that fortune ſeem'd to Hate,
Striving to ſave the Head that wore the Crown,
He pull'd the mighty Ruine on his own.

But why extoll'ſt *Jeruſalems* lewd *Sagan*,
At Drink and Whores indeed a very Dragon;
Not *Magdalen* poſſeſt in all her Prime,
With her Ten Devils cou'd have Equall'd Him.

Why woul'ſt thou call thy *Adriel* a Muſe,
And *David* of his haſty riſe Accuſe,
When we all know the ſame obliging Hand
Gave him his George, and *Churchil* his Command,
Jermin his Country houſe, & *Bromwich* his point Band.

Or *Jotham* flatter'd that vain fickle thing,
Famous for Jests upon the Church and King;
One while *Pythagoras*'s harmles Food,
For Thoughts and *Politicks* muſt cool his Blood;
And then again with Whores and Luſty Wines,
Revels all Night, and thinks him mad that Dines;
Quibles, Jokes, Puns, and Trifling Wit he has,
And like the *Sweed* is very Rich in Braſs;
Againſt the Court, and *David*'s-ſelf he Roard,
How ill he Govern'd, and how worſe he W--rd.
VVou'd ſwear a *Parrot* had more VVit than *Nelly*,
VVith her Parch'd Face wrinckled more than *P--tbs* (Belly;
Yet now to both, like Popiſh Saints he *Prays*,
Which ſhews he will not Burn in *James*'s Days;
In his Plain Band, and Honeſty in ſhow,
He only aim'd at *Danby*'s overthrow,
Which when obtein'd, this Patriot had his Ends,
And farewell all his plain well meaning Friends;
There was no *Plot*, no Popiſh Duke to Fear,
With *Danby* all our Dangers Diſappear;

Danby

Danby thus ſetting to prevent dark Night,
This paler Moon ſhews forth its clearer Light,
Miſguides our Councellors with her glim'ring Ray,
And all our Men of Buſineſs loſe their VVay,
Our Parliament's diſſolv'd, new Members Meet,
An *Oxford* Journey muſt allay their Heat,
But the true Engliſh Intereſt Appeard,
The *Silverſmiths* for their *Diana* Feard;
Popery wou'd paſs on us in no Diſguize,
No Flowers cou'd hide that Serpent from our Eyes;
VV' are in Such haſt diſſolv'd that in the Street,
New choſen with diſſoving Members Meet,
And then a Paper in good *David's* Name,
Muſt the proceedings of the Houſe Defame,
Sheriffs, and Juries packt, Juſtices made,
Knights of th' Addreſs, and all falſe colours laid
To Cheat their Party with a vain Conceit,
The People, Parliaments both Fear and Hate,
VVhat *Samſon* in a Dungeon Captive Blind,
In ſpiteful rage, for cruel Foes Deſign'd,

The

The Houſe of Commons muſt be thought to do
Againſt themſelves, and thoſe that Truſt them too.
The Head ſhall ſooner fear its own Right-Hand,
Parents their Smiling Infants Death Command;
The chearful Birds ſit ſilent in the Spring,
Than Lords and Commons hurt the Realm or King,
They may, thy Heroes, that ſmall Faithful Band,
Pretious Counſellors, who dare ſingly Stand
'Gainſt the Collective Wiſdom of the Land;
David in Exile had more Friends than thou,
Wilt to his Beſt, his Happieſt Days allow;
Why ſounds thy Trumpet in the time of Peace,
Art thou afraid our Differences ſhou'd Ceaſe;
That thus thou talk'ſt of Rebells, Treaſons, more
Than any *Iriſh* Witneſs ever Swore?
~~Soldiers of Fortune, thus to drive a Trade,~~
Care not what Ruine, or what Slaughters *M*ade.
But hear me Propheſy, and Mark me well,
E're Thrice the Roſe renews its Fragrant Smell,

People and King shall join like Man and Wife,
And both Abhor the Engines of their Strife;
No more shall they endure a hackny Pen,
And thou Cashier'd, shalt to the Stage again,
Please none but silly Women, or worse Men;
David shall find Duty an empty Word,
(For different Faiths can never have one Sword;
The Knot of Friendship is but loosely ty'd
'Twixt those that Heavenly Concerns divide;)
He then shall with his *P*arliament agree,
And Lives and Fortunes shall their Language be;
Monmoth be Blest for all that he hath done,
While thy vile Heroes to their *P*ardons run.

FINIS.